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VOLUME 13-14



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THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 13.

APRIL 11th, 1894.

No. 16.

PUBLISHED EVERY TEN DAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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Terms, \$2.25 per year; if paid before February 1st, \$1.75.

Single Copies can be obtained at South Bethlehem Book Exchange and at Klose's. Price 10 cents.

EDITORIAL.

AS it has been announced, the new Board of Editors assumes control of THE BURR with this issue. The officers of the Board are mentioned in the list above, and those, which are not there given, are: Robert Edes Chetwood, Jr., Exchange Editor, Caleb Wheeler Lord, Secretary, Frederick Allyn Daboll, Local Editor, and William Carter Dickerman, Alumni Editor.

Now that the mantle of Elijah has fallen upon our shoulders, it is our earnest hope that we may prove ourselves worthy of the trust, and we enter upon our duties with an eagerness, which, added to good purpose and honest effort, may help us to find the success we hope for. To exemplify the work of the past few years will be our constant endeavor, and if improvement should by any chance be found among the records we shall leave behind us, it will not be because we have not tried to make it so.

We thank the old Board for the excellent condition of affairs which they have put into our hands, making our entrance so easy and light; and, with a greeting to all to whom our *Alma Mater* is dear, we now take up our pleasant task.

WE are glad to be able to say that our efficient and popular gymnasium instructor has decided not to accept the very flattering offer he received from one of our

sister colleges, and that he will continue the good work he commenced last fall.

WE are glad to hear the announcement of another series of Shakespearean lectures by Dr. Coppée. Those who have heard his lectures of former years, will look forward to the coming ones with pleasure, and those, to whom they will afford a new enjoyment, can, with the University and the vicinity, consider themselves blessed in the possession of such an opportunity.

WE sorrowfully record the death of one of Lehigh's most promising sons, Jos. H. Paddock, '79, who was so brutally murdered last week at the hands of an angry mob of strikers. Mr. Paddock was Chief Engineer of the Frick Coke Co., and for a number of years had been Mr. Frick's right-hand man. Although only 39 years old, he stood at the head of his profession, and was a man well known and highly respected throughout the state for his ability and integrity. He was more than the ordinary man, and had he lived, he would, undoubtedly, have greatly advanced his profession and brought honor to himself and his *Alma Mater*.

WHENEVER there is a vacation, no matter how short a one, there are always a large number of undergraduates who leave town, and also a large number who

would like to leave, but are deterred by the expenses of the trip. The managements of the different railroads leading to Ithaca realize this fact, and whenever there is a vacation at Cornell, the railroads give a special rate of one cent per mile to the college men. Could not the railroads in this vicinity be induced to do the same? If the Lehigh Valley alters their rates for the benefit of the Cornellians, they would, we believe, do the same for Lehigh men, if they were properly approached on the subject. The rate of one cent a mile would lessen the cost of the trips by over a half, and the vacations would be of greater advantage to the undergraduates than before. Here is a good suggestion for our enterprising supply bureau, which seems to manage everything of economical purpose.

THE newspaper clipping lately posted in Packer Hall, which announced recruits from this University to Coxey's Army, may seem very amusing if we look at it as a joke, but if we consider the matter seriously, we find that its humor is of the same dangerous nature as that of a practical joke. Dr. Coppée himself has considered its meaning of enough importance to need an answer, and it has called from him a communication to the daily papers, denying the report and declaring that "Lehigh students are gentlemen and not tramps."

Now, sensational newspapers are ever ready to publish such articles, and this is not the first time we have suffered from such an injustice. But though they wrong us thus inconsiderately, yet the blame may be brought nearer home, we fear. Such a report as this one could not create itself, and some one is clearly responsible for this piece of "fun."

The harm of it does not exist so much in its effect upon Lehigh's reputation among other colleges nor among those who will take it in the proper way. Its evil influence is on that part of the newspaper reading world which has such peculiar and mistaken ideas of college life, and it is a fairly supposable case that a

parent reading that article might change his intention of sending a son to this University.

We hope, for the sake of our college spirit, that no student of the University has been guilty of this deed, which, perhaps, is a little too serious to be modified by the word thoughtless alone, but if our hope be vain, surely some one does not deserve Dr. Coppée's compliment, which we have mentioned above.

IT seems strange that the papers are so ready to publish sensational reports about Lehigh. It is always we who suffer when they need news, and one might suppose that they felt a certain impunity in manufacturing whatever they please about us to make their columns gossipy. The present is only one of many occasions when these disastrous reports have been circulated. Whether we have in this case discerned the right cause is difficult to say, nor have we the time to look the matter up; but that something should be done to check these impositions is very apparent. We cannot continue to let our good name be slandered by such gross injustice, without feeling called upon to make some attempt to defend ourselves. Nothing but detrimental reports seem to be published and, what should be *good* news is almost unheard of. But very little space is ever given to our ball games, and even such victories as the lacrosse championship are hardly deemed worthy of mere mention. But what is there to be done to remedy these evils and secure for our *Alma Mater* the credit that is justly due her? There lies the rub that has for many years remained to us an unanswered question. The Press Club was organized last year for this purpose, but either because of the dissatisfaction among the members, or because their plan of operation was not firmly grounded, it was unsuccessful. The doubt exists in the minds of many as to the feasibility of such an organization, but it has been successfully carried on at other colleges, and there is but little reason why it could not be done here.

Certainly, such a club could see that all the large papers have correspondents among the college men, and that they occasionally have contributed lengthy articles on athletics or other subjects. They could also appoint a committee in time of need to look up such matters, as the one before our notice, and, if possible, to detect the guilty parties. If noth-

ing more they could see that such articles are contradicted in the following issue. Whether the club is worthy of reorganization is a matter open to considerable discussion, and THE BURR will at any time be glad to publish through its columns communications on the subject.

THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF THE SPECIALIST.

IT is a great mistake for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious or seek adventures to be able to do great actions. To the contrary, it is within the power of every man to become great and heroic even in the most ordinary walks of life, by the exercise of self-denial. The greater number of our students are, and intend to be, specialists, and as such to carve out for themselves a way to fortune and to fame. Very few, as yet, understand the difficulties which lie in such a path, nor the many pleasures which they must relinquish in order to attain the power of being of service to their fellow men. To them the self-sacrifice of the specialist is an unthought-of idea.

Nevertheless, the existence of this self-denial is real and strong, and as they become older and the world of thought and knowledge widens to their wisdom, they see then that they have given up much for the ease and convenience of their fellow men.

The time comes when the engineer or chemist becomes interested mayhap in literature or art, and would study the object of his inclination. But no, the hand of judgment points to his profession and shows him in no compromising light the path of duty; he has given the best years of his life to this study, to give it up now means practically to relinquish the results of all those years, besides in the short remaining time of college life he could scarcely obtain but a partial idea of his new

love. He must go on, he must sacrifice his inclination for his specialty, and try to obtain happiness in the service of others.

To the man in whom the love of variety is strongly developed this sacrifice comes all the harder. Frequently he would deviate from the path of his specialty and give a large portion of his time to other pursuits. But he cannot both do this and master his profession, so with a sigh he turns back to the beaten track, each time with a deeper realization of his self-sacrifice.

Then, too, he is met by the great danger which so few escape. How often does the pitiable sight confront him of the man interested in but one object, his specialty, losing pleasure in all else, growing narrow in ideas and thoughts, suddenly forced by old age to give up his one pursuit, and left then with no interest and no hope—a victim of his profession.

Sombre as these views may seem, yet, after the first pangs, we seldom hear the complaints of those who have given up much for their fellow men. To be a victim of self-sacrifice does not appear to be such a very joyless lot, if we may judge from the victims. To the contrary, these men are the happiest and most contented. Each one of them has preserved a small portion of the object of his inclination, and has converted it into a pleasing hobby. They are calm and cheerful, and always speak in a most reverential manner of the self-sacrifice of the specialist.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

BEING SUNDRY TALES OF NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR.

AT THE RAINBOW'S FOOT.

THE long white beach was glittering like silver in the last rays of the slowly setting July sun. All day long the sun had shone upon it, until now, at the close of the day, the very sand seemed to emit a faint glow as of liquid fire, sending even the sand flies buzzing among the stunted huckleberry bushes to get what shade they could. The only living things visible were a few sea-gulls flitting about; sure precursors of the sea-breeze, and occasionally a fish pursued by another would, with a convulsive leap, spring clear of the water, its sides showing like burnished silver in the sunlight, only to fall again with a faint splash into the sea.

The tide was setting slowly in toward the land, as could be seen by the floating yellow bubbles of sea-foam, tossing idly to and fro, yet moving constantly toward the beach.

Not far inland, its roof just visible over the sand hills, stood a little cabin. It had originally been a house boat, but after years of service had been, so to speak, laid upon the shelf. A crooked joint of rusty stove-pipe from which poured a volume of black smoke, was stuck through what had formerly been a window. In front of the door, if it may be called by such a name, was an old sail, stretched over the tops of three oars, forming on all too insufficient awning. Beneath this a man sat on an inverted peach-basket splitting up into kindling wood the remains of an old box. Having at last reduced the few pieces to what he evidently considered an available size, he gathered them up in his arms and carried them into the house, standing for a moment in the door way and gazing intently at the western horizon, in

which had appeared a little cloud, "no larger than a man's hand." With the appearance of the cloud, the wind began to rise and could be heard rushing and sobbing through the boughs of the solitary pinetree under which the cabin stood. A few minutes more and the rain too came, pattering in a business-like way upon the canvas awning and the few strips of tin upon the roof.

In the darkest corner of the cabin, a boy's sleepy voice was heard, as though he had been just awakened by the falling rain. Raising himself on his elbow he called out:

"Dad, it's rainin', aint it?"

"That's what it's doin', Tommy," and the old man hastened in to see if the little boy wanted any thing.

"How's yer fever now?" he went on, laying a hard and toilworn but kindly hand on the child's head.

"Reckon that's pretty nigh gone. It's the pain in my back where I fell out'n the tree th't hu'ts me:" and he lay back on the straw with which the standing bed place was filled, gazing idly out of the little two-paned window by his head.

"It's pretty near stopped rainin'," he said a few minutes later. "There's a rainbow, too," he added.

"Wish I could get ther'" said the old man with a smile. "They used t' say there's a lot of gold dollars, more'n you'n me kin count, buried out there in the sand wher' the rainbow ends," and he pointed to the brilliant arch, now glittering in the sunlight, seeming to bury its ends, one in the golden seabeach, the other in the broad expanse of the blue Atlantic.

"That'd buy us a new house 'n boat, wouldn't it?" asked Tommy speculatively.

"More'n that," returned his father, "it'd git you a dog 'n gun, and may be fix yer back agin all right," and the old man's mouth quivered a little as he turned abruptly away to put some wood in the stove.

Night coming on, both occupants of the little cabin soon went to sleep. The fall of a bough from the pinetree, on the roof above his head caused the old man to turn uneasily in his bunk and finally to raise himself on his elbow and say in a low voice, "Tommy."

No answer, and he peered into the darkness of the lower berth, only to find it empty. Without waiting to get his coat, he went out, side the cabin and looked about him. It was just before dawn, and the stars were dimmed a little in their brilliance. Still it was light enough for the old man to see footsteps in the wet, dark sand. Following these he ran on to the beach, looking eagerly in every direction as he ran. Following the steps along the sea-beach for some hundreds of yards he presently spied a little figure, digging and toiling in the hard sand with a spade, so large that he could scarcely wield it.

"Tommy," he called, anxiously going forward and touching the little fellow upon the shoulder. Then seeing that the boy paid no

attention to him, he picked him up bodily and carried him back to the house-boat and laid him in his bed. He did not regain consciousness for several hours but lay there on the straw, muttering wildly in delirium.

"Where've ye been, Tommy?" questioned the old man, tenderly leaning over the little figure.

"Went out ther' to try an' git the gold ye told me 'bout, out ther' to th' rainbow," and the boy, tired out, dropped back with a little sigh.

In a short time he was burning up with fever, the natural sequence of his exposure. Not until night did it leave him.

"I came near gittin it," he said to his father, who was sitting by his side, gazing in an abstracted manner at the toe of his well-worn boot. "But,"—here his voice grew a little weaker and he tried again to speak, finally—"I'm goin' to try agin tomorrow. I've marked the place. Will you go there too, Dad?" he inquired anxiously.

"Yes o' course, Tommy," and his father took the fast stiffening little form lovingly in his arms. A moment more—a little groan, a convulsive shudder, a sudden twitching of the little mouth, and—Tommy was at the Rainbow's Foot.

A STORY WITHOUT A HERO.

THE hero of a story is usually a handsome and highly moral youth, with boundless talents, and a remarkable aptitude for rescuing the heroine from perilous positions. He is the embodiment of justice, the personification of virtue, and the modern exemplification of Apollo. The thefts of which he has been accused, the deceptions he, to all appearances, has practiced, would weary even an Oriental story-teller to relate.

This story, according to that idea, has no hero. You have heard of heredity and its influences. Imagine, if you can, a man start-

ing out with a decided bent for evil. He fosters this evil tendency. It is inherited by his son. He follows the life of his father. Continue this process and in time you have a creature in whom goodness has been reduced to a minimum, and in whom wickedness is rampant—a brute in clothing. I say imagine this, and you have the man about whom this story is written.

Romeo Starks, for such was his name, lived in Philadelphia, in the neighborhood of Seventh and Bainbridge streets. You smile, thinking, perhaps, that the staid old city could not give

birth to such a man. He is her son, however, and born within the shadow of the old State House. Who his mother and father were he did not know, and did not care. He had made his living as a child in a variety of ways, nearly all of which were doubtful. As he grew older he showed marked ability as a pickpocket. The dexterity of his ancestors had descended to him. He bade fair to be an ornament to that profession.

Chestnut and Walnut streets were the fields in which most of his work was done. It is an easy thing to snatch a purse from a careless woman and disappear in the crowd. With his skill it was doubly easy.

One afternoon he was waiting at a crossing for the trolley cars to pass. On the other side were a nurse and a little girl, also waiting. The nurse carelessly looked aside, and the little girl started to cross in front of the oncoming car. Starks saw that the car would strike her. Perhaps the little good left in him acted. He leaped forward and threw her to one side, then tried to escape the car, but too late; the wheels caught and ground him under. There was the usual clamor and crowd. The

nurse, strange to say, had sense enough to get the name of the hospital to which he was taken. The little one's father called the next day to see him. As he leaned over the cot to say good-bye Romeo picked his pocket.

Starks, in the course of time, got well. He, however, lost the use of his legs. He lived some time on the charity of the little girl's father, and after wearying even his patience he took to begging. You can see him any day, if you are curious, on the sunny side of the Public Buildings, near the entrance.

You wonder how I am going to explain this anomaly. I am not going to do it. I cannot. I simply state the facts. This rogue, who ever before and ever after lived for self, risked his life to save the little girl. You will think I have painted him blacker than he really is. I have not, however.

Have you ever seen the clouds open up on a dreary, murky day, and the sun shine forth for a minute? Then the clouds close over, and the day is as cold and dark as before. So this one act shows what the man might have been if the curse of circumstances had not fallen on him.

SNOWFLAKES.

THE phrase seems good that calls the immortal soul,
 The pure and spotless snowflake of God's grace,
 For like the snow it falls upon the earth;
 Descending ever to us at His will,
 Embracing all things in its spotless robe.
 A few throughout their sojourn here are pure;
 As white as is the unpolluted snow,
 That rests forever on the highest hills.
 And thus by contrast shows unseemly things.
 They seem like snowflakes on the restless tide
 Of some eternally deep-flowing stream.
 While some indeed when trodden underfoot,
 All smirched and soiled with dirt by passers-by,
 Are scoffed and laughed at by the multitude;
 And like the snow drawn upward by the sun,
 So they are by the mercy of their God.
 Both souls and snow alike will some day pass
 Again into that ether whence they came,
 Perhaps again to fall.

GENERAL NEWS.



LEHIGH, 12—WILLIAMS, 6.

THE base-ball team played the first home game of the season on the Athletic grounds on Saturday, the 31st of March, and won it. Their opponents, the Williams College team, seemed to be only more out of practice than they. A glance at the tabulated score which follows, will tell what manner of game it was:—

LEHIGH.					WILLIAMS.				
	R.	H.	O.	A. E.		R.	H.	O.	A. E.
Bray, c.f.....	3	2	0	0	Anderson, 3b.....	0	0	0	2
Woodcock, s s.....	3	2	2	0	Ide, s.s.....	1	1	0	2
Gadd, l.f.....	1	2	1	0	T. Lynch, r.f.....	3	2	1	0
Petriten, 2b.....	2	4	5	2	Towne, 1b.....	1	2	12	0
McClung, c.....	1	1	7	0	Draper, c.....	0	1	4	1
Thompson, 3b.....	0	0	2	3	Hammett, l.f.....	0	6	3	0
Lukens, r.f.....	0	1	1	0	Dewey c.f.....	1	2	3	0
Johnson, 1b.....	0	0	8	0	Eaton, 2b.....	0	1	2	5
Nevins, p.....	2	1	0	1	J. Lynch, p.....	0	1	0	4
					Herrick, p.....	0	0	1	0
Total.....	12	13	26	*13		6	10	27	14

*Towne declared out.

INNINGS.

Lehigh.....2 0 0 0 0 0 5 3 0—12
Williams.....1 0 2 2 0 1 0 0 0—6
Earned runs—Lehigh 5, Williams 2 Two-base hits—Nevins, T. Lynch, Dewey 2. Three-base hit—McClung. Stolen bases—Bray 3, Woodcock, McClung, Ide, Dewey. Double play—J. Lynch and Eaton. Struck out—Woodcock, Johnson, Anderson, Ide, Lynch, Hammett, Dewey, Eaton 2. First base on called balls—Bray 2, Woodcock, Gadd, McClung, Ide, Nevins, Lynch. Passed ball—Draper. Hit by ball—Nevins. Left on bases—Lehigh 9, Williams 7. Time—2:06. Umpire—Smith, of Lehigh.

THE GLEE CONCERTS.

THE home concert of the Glee and Banjo Clubs, on Saturday, the 31st of March, was attended with the success which it deserved. The work of the organizations during the past year, in its excellence and in its achievements, is a thing of which the clubs themselves can well be proud, and their managers and their leaders may justly claim the merited reward of noble effort; and they have received it, if the sincere appreciation of the whole college counts for anything. Lehigh

has surely been well represented in musical ability, and our pride should only be exceeded by our gratitude to those whose success has been so pleasing.

The clubs ended the season with a concert in Philadelphia, on the 6th of April, and the program, which was the same as that rendered in Bethlehem, was as follows:

PART I.

1. Overture—"Martaneaux," *Vernet.*
Banjo Club.
2. Lehigh Song, (words by Schneider, '94).
Glee Club.
3. Highland Dance, *Baker.*
Banjo Club.
4. College Songs—*a* "Drinking Song," *Car. Col.*
b "Upidee,"
Glee Club.
5. Solo—"Birds of a Feather," *Car. Col.*
Mr. Hall.
6. Medley—"Fin de Siecle," *Pettinos.*
Banjo Club.
7. The Wandering Singers, *Car. Col.*
Glee Club.

PART II.

1. La Czarina—"Mazourka Russe," *Arr. Pettinos.*
Banjo Club.
2. Medley, *Arr. Hall.*
Glee Club.
3. Solo, *Selected.*
Mr. Pettinos.
4. March—"Belle of Chicago," *Sousa.*
Banjo Club.
5. College Songs—*a* "My Moustache," *b* "The Scotchman,"
Glee Club.
6. Waltzes—"Nellona," *Eno.*
Banjo Club.
7. The Brown and White, *Arr. Wolle.*
Glee Club.

THE MUSTARD AND CHEESE PLAY.

THE presentation of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," by the Mustard and Cheese last Saturday night, was simply excellent. The play is an historical extravaganza, and, with the modifications and additions which it received, it was a splendid piece for the purpose.

To say merely that justice was done to it would be "to damn it with faint praise," and yet so good was the production that it is im-

possible to tell in just what particulars it came to deserve the greater praise which we cannot express.

The two kings, the principle characters, were represented by two men whose equals in comedy the Mustard and Cheese will be long in finding. Their scenes together were comical in the extreme and full of originality, and King Francis made "a hit, a palpable hit," in his account of how he became a crowned head and in his senseless song: "I am ze King of France." Tete De Veau, "our long-legged, ubiquitous friend," as he was dubbed by "King Hal," made, by his fine acting, a comparatively minor part to be of much importance, and when Sir Guy, the Cripple, died, that was where the audience "lived." Lady Constance De Grey's acting was particularly good, and who could have worn a solemn face during her falsetto solo and her duet with Darnley?

The whole cast deserves a wonderful amount of praise, and the chorus, which was this year made a special feature in its increased importance, could only be dealt with hypocritically, for their only "breaks" were those which were naturally excusable on a "first night." The dancing was also a valuable addition to the show, the double dance being especially good.

In fact, the only criticism upon the whole performance must be made from a musical standpoint, and not from a dramatical one, and that not severely. It seems merely a pity that the good taste in arrangement shown by the musical director of the Association could not have found a capability of rendition fully as excellent. Not that the music in the play, as a whole, was not good, but yet, in that particular at least, there is some chance for improvement in coming years.

We give below the cast of characters:—

Henry VIII, of England,	G. Ordway, '94.
Francis I, of France,	G. C. Hutchinson, '94.
Earl Darnley,	A. R. Womrath, '96.
Tête De Veau,	W. S. Murray, '95.

Sir Guy, the Cripple,	E. B. Clark, '95.
The Duke of Suffolk,	E. N. Wigfall, '95.
Le Sieur De Boissy,	W. Reinecke, Jr., '95.
Von Schlascher,	R. Ferriday, '94.
Von Krascher,	R. R. Harvey, '95.
Von Smascher,	E. T. Belden, '96.
Bloc	W. McC. Hall, '94.
Queen Katharine,	C. H. Thompson, '94.
Annie Boleyn,	W. W. Coleman, '95.
Lady Constance De Grey,	W. A. Payne, '94.
Rose De La Foix,	J. C. Whitmoyer, '95.
Mlle. Du Pied Haut,	W. A. Merritt, '96.
Mlle. De L'Action Triple Derriere,	L. H. Marshall, '97.
Mlle. Dentelle De Quarante,	H. M. Luckenbach, '97.

Special Constables, Lords and Ladies in Waiting, Gold, Silver, and other Sticks, Guards, Rogues, and Vagabonds.

KERNELS.

—Reinicke, '95, has changed his college course from Electrical to Architectural.

—The brother of Yglezias, '95, has been elected President of the government of Costa Rica.

—The management of the Base-Ball Team, intends arranging a date with the Allentown Professional Team on Saturday next.

—The Junior Civils and Architects took an "inspection trip" to Drifton and Mauch Chunk March 31st, and one to New York on the 4th.

—Joseph H. Paddock, '79, Chief Engineer of the Frick Coke Co., at Connellsville, Pa., was murdered on April 4th by a riotous mob of Huns, who were on a strike.

—The Spring moving fever has penetrated college life. The Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity has changed its residence, being now located at 14 West Fourth Street, South Bethlehem.

—Fulmer, '97, who was quite seriously injured in the Gymnasium while practicing flying starts and who was at the hospital, improved so much that he was able to return to his home at Richland Centre last week.

—The dates for Dr. Coppée's Shakspearean lectures to be delivered in the new Physical Laboratory on Tuesday mornings at 11:30, are as follows: Romeo and Juliet, April 17th, The Merchant of Venice, April 24th, and Hamlet, May 1st.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—As suggestions and plans whereby the Athletic Association may reduce its expenses are in order, the following are offered. One of the large expenses the Association has to bear is the cost of the uniforms for the different teams. In base-ball and lacrosse new uniforms are purchased each year and it is easily seen that the expense is a large one. Would it not be a good plan for the Association to contract at the beginning of each year for all of these uniforms? It is a well-known fact that goods purchased in large quantities are a great deal cheaper than when purchased in small amounts, and at the beginning of each year the Association could get the contract price of several of the large firms and give the order to the lowest bidder. I believe this would lower the expense considerably. Another plan is to have the uniforms of the same design from year to year. At present one year the base-ball suits are so different from those of the preceding season that the old suits cannot be used even if in good condition. For instance: last season the base-ball shirts had Lehigh in brown letters across the front, this year they have the monogram of L. U., thus stopping any chance of last year's suits being utilized this season, even if in good condition. There are always some suits of one year that are suitable condition to be used the succeeding year, but the lack of uniformity in the designs prohibits the same. The Association is at present just getting on a firm financial basis, and the management should do all in their power towards keeping the expense list as small as is possible. It is the age of economy, and the above suggestions may have some good points in them. X. Y. Z.

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—The Sophomore Class, or, more properly, those representatives of the Sophomore Class who compose the Sophomore Cotillion Club, deserve a

great deal of praise for their efforts in a social direction. The club has successfully managed two dances which were universally complimented. This, as we say, is very commendable, and it has received that much begrudged and extremely scarce reward—appreciation. There ought to be satisfaction in this; but no, duty well done seems to make them seek new duties, and create them where none exist. Now, that their performance has pleased, they make the common mistake of supposing that success is an evidence of virtue, and in all good faith they feel that the Freshman Class needs their patronage and benevolent advice, and consequently they propose to elect a cotillion club from 'Ninety-seven, to succeed them in giving dances after their approved plan during the coming year.

I do not know how the Freshmen will receive this proposition, but it seems to me entirely uncalled for, and on the whole, rather an asinine act—the more so because it really seems to have arisen from a spirit of pure philanthropy. The success that the Freshmen may win with their dances next year is not begrudged, nor does this effort, to lend a helping hand, come from a desire to boss, for that would be too peculiarly feminine; but the fact is that the Sophomore Cotillion Club have been persuaded by their own good luck that they have instituted a new college society which is to rank with the Sword and Crescent, the Triskaideka, and Theta Nu Epsilon; and having created an honor they feel they have the right of choice as to who shall gain it.

It is pretty plain that the laurels they have lately won have been much too green, and they will find that what they think of doing, will be received more as a joke on themselves than as a well-intended reform. It surely is, at least, rather amusing. 'Ninety-seven will be able to take care of themselves next year like every other class has done, and if they are not able to pick out their own committees and manage their own social functions, they had better keep out of such things entirely.

UPPER CLASSMAN.

—Chicago University has a Woman's Glee Club of sixteen members.

—The Seniors of Rutgers has decided to present the college with a memorial window.

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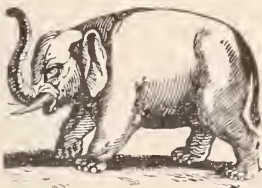
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From their bell-formed throats so yellow,
Hark! I hear a music mellow.

For their fragrance softly brings
Gentle music to the strings
Of my memory's harp; I hear
Sweet vibrations echoing near.

As that music gently swells,
Tales of long ago it tells.
Life's sweet spring-time it recalls;
Fallen are Time's barrier walls.

But the fragrance slowly wanes,
Dying are the memory strains.
Sweeter music ne'er was known
Than this music that hath flown.

—*Nassau Literary Mag.*

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